

(1876)

The Foundry ^{E---85}

the foundry

7 In my seventh year I often visited my father in ~~his~~^{the} shop ^{in which he worked} and watched the whole process of laying down the flasks, placing the patterns, filling in and tamping the sand, with drawing the patterns, smoothing and finishing the mold, cutting the gates through which the metal was to flow, and the process of pouring off, that is, tapping a hole in the bottom of the furnace, catching the white-hot liquid, sputtering, molten metal in clay lined iron ladles to which were attached long iron handles, and the pouring of the metal into the flasks: and later removing the flasks and pulling out with iron hooks the hot castings, and their cleaning, polishing and finishing. How I liked the smell of the hot sand and to watch father and the other men sprinkle and shovel and sift the sand to get it into condition to use again. There were other interesting processes also, such as breaking off the gates from the castings, knocking off little projections and irregularities, putting the castings into a big revolving drum that made a terrific din, and then the finishing of the castings on emery wheels that threw off a stream of flying sparks like a thousand little comets. ~~At~~ Other departments of the factory made wagons, carts, plows and other agricultural machinery, ~~and~~ ^{How} pretty they looked when newly painted and varnished in bright red, blue, or yellow. Sometimes father would let me make a small mold which later he would pour. In this way I made iron spoons, hammers, hatchets, and the like, using patterns I had whittled out of pine.

Counterfeiting

7 Once father, to amuse me, took impressions of silver coins and poured them with ^bbabitt metal and ^agave me the resulting duplicates to play with. They were bright and shiny and to my inexperienced eyes were superior to the originals. I played

In my seventh year I often visited my father in the shop and watched the whole process of laying down the flasks, placing the patterns, filling in and tamping the sand, with drawing the patterns, smoothing and finishing the mold, cutting the gates through which the metal was to flow, and the process of pouring off, that is, tapping a hole in the bottom of the furnace, casting in the white-hot liquid, spluttering, molten metal in clay lined iron ladles to which were attached long iron handles, and the pouring of the metal into the flasks; and later removing the flasks and rolling out with iron hooks the hot castings, and their cleaning, polishing and finishing. Now I liked the smell of the hot sand and to watch father and the other men bopinkle and shove el and sift the sand to get it into condition to use again. There were other interesting processes also, such as breaking off the gates from the castings, knocking off little projections and irregularities, putting the castings into a big revolving drum that made a terrific din, and then the finishing of the castings on emery wheels that threw off a stream of flying sparks like a thousand little comets. At other departments of the factory were women, girls, boys and other agricultural machinery, and now pretty they looked when newly painted and varnished in bright red, blue, or yellow. Sometimes father would let me make a small mold which later he would pour. In this way I made iron spoons, hammers, hatchets, and the like, using patterns I had whittled out of pine.

Once father, to amuse me, took impressions of silver coins and poured them with molten metal and we made the resulting duplicates to play with. They were bright and shiny and to my inexperienced eyes were superior to the originals. I played

around the shop with them for awhile, showing them proudly to the other workmen, and then took the ^mhome with me. Shortly afterwards father appeared out of breath and with ~~xxxxxx~~ a troubled look on his face, and asked for the coins. Fortunately I still had all of them. He destroyed them immediately before my eyes, and explained to me the meaning of the word "counterfeit," the making of imitation money, and how severely it is punished. I liked the shops and to play with the tools and to watch the men working so industriously and skillfully--they were paid by the piece. Father was smaller than the other men but muscular, quick and active, and could work a little faster than they could. Wages were low, but he regularly made from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per day, which was the equivalent of four or five times that amount now.

Paying Off.

7 One saturday afternoon I was present when the men were paid off. The workmen lined up and passed slowly before another man with a pile of paper slips, checks, which were handed out as each man called his name. I promptly fell in line and when I reached the paymaster boldly called out my name and was much disappointed and chagrined at the laugh that followed and my failure to get a check. On the way home father explained the system of keeping time and record of work done, rate of pay, payment by check, and how the men could take their checks to a bank or grocery store and exchange them for money.

Flirting. Counterfeits

7 At the noon hour one day sat with their dinner pails between their legs on the bank of the river. On the opposite side was a young ladies seminary and several of the young women could be seen walking back and forth and looking across at the

around the shop with them for awhile, showing them proudly to the other workmen, and then took the home with me. Shortly afterwards father appeared out of breath and with ~~xxxxxx~~ a troubled look on his face, and asked for the coins. Fortunately I still had all of them. He destroyed them immediately before my eyes, and explained to me the meaning of the word "counterfeit," the making of imitation money, and how severely it is punished. I liked the shops and to play with the tools and to watch the men working so industriously and skillfully--they were paid by the piece. Father was smaller than the other men but muscular, quick and active, and could work a little faster than they could. Wages were low, but he regularly made from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per day, which was the equivalent of four or five times that amount

Paying Off.

now.

One Saturday afternoon I was present when the men were paid off. The workmen lined up and passed slowly before another man with a pile of paper slips, checks, which were handed out as each man called his name. I promptly fell in line and when I reached the paymaster boldly called out my name and was much disappointed and chagrined at the laugh that followed and my failure to get a check. On the way home father explained the system of keeping time and record of work done, rate of pay, payment by check, and how the men could take their checks to a bank or grocery store and exchange them for money.

Feeling. Dinner.

At the noon hour one day sat with their dinner pails

between their legs on the bank of the river. On the opposite side was a young ladies seminary and several of the young women could be seen walking back and forth and looking across at the

men. Presently one of the girls waved a handkerchief. Immediately one of the men began waving his hat. Theyⁿ all the girls and all the men began waving and shouting at each other. I asked father what they were doing and he answered "flirting," which meant nothing to me then.

7 Fire
One night there was an alarm of fire. It was a factory building across the ~~street~~ creek from our house and we sat a long while watching the angry red flames shoot high in the air and lurid volumes of smoke and sparks billowed upward. The next day I walked past the site of the fire. Nothing remained but a deep cellar which was half full of water. I rolled a stone over the wall to see and hear it splash, when A watchman ^a came running towards me and I fled like a rabbit.

7 Beer
One hot Saturday afternoon I visited the shop. It was pay day. The men were hot, tired, and thirsty. Near quitting time one of the men went out and returned with a water bucket full of an amber colored liquid with foam on top of it. The men gathered around with tin cups from their dinner pails. These were filled with the strange liquid, drank down with evident gusto, and was followed by a great loosening of ^{ue} tongues and much bantering and joking. Father let me taste some in his cup. I did not like the taste very well but thought it must be good because the men seemed to enjoy it. Father stepped out for a few minutes and while he was gone one of the men filled his cup and handed it to me, saying "Here, Lee, take a big drink, it is good for you." I drank it with some misgivings and soon began to feel very good indeed. Then another treated, and still another, each saying I was a little man and could soon outdo my father. When

men. Presently one of the girls waved a handkerchief. Immediately one of the men began waving his hat. Then all the girls and all the men began waving and shouting at each other. I asked father what they were doing and he answered "flirting," which meant nothing to me then.

One night there was an alarm of fire. It was a factory building across the ~~street~~ creek from our house and we sat a long while watching the angry red flames shoot high in the air and lurid volumes of smoke and sparks billowed upward. The next day I walked past the site of the fire. Nothing remained but a deep cellar which was half full of water. I rolled a stone over the wall to see and hear it splash. When a watchman came running towards me and I fled like a rabbit.

One hot Saturday afternoon I visited the shop. It was a gay day. The men were hot, tired, and thirsty. Near quitting time one of the men went out and returned with a water bucket full of an amber colored liquid with foam on top of it. The men gathered around with tin cups from their dinner pails. These were filled with the strange liquid, drank down with evident gusto, and was followed by a great loosening of tongues and much bantering and joking. Father let me taste some in his cup. I did not like the taste very well but thought it must be good because the men seemed to enjoy it. Father stepped out for a few minutes and while he was gone one of the men filled his cup and handed it to me, saying "Here, Lee, take a big drink, it is good for you." I drank it with some misgivings and soon began to feel very good indeed. Then another treated, and still another, each saying I was a little man and could soon outdo my father. When

father returned he saw at a glance what had happened. There was a lot of good natured and friendly joking about my exploit and I felt quite elated and proud of myself as father assisted me home. I arrived in a hilarious condition and chattering like a magpie. Mother put me in bed at once. She was distressed and angry and told father what she thought of him and his shopmates. However, there were no ill consequences.

Free Meat.

> Returning with father from the shop one afternoon, he stopped at a butcher shop for some meat. He bought a steak and paid for it and then, seeing a nice liver on the counter asked for a piece. ~~He~~ After it was cut and wrapped he asked the price and the butcher answered "No charge." This made an impression on my mind because I had learned the value of money, or rather that to obtain things from shops and stores one had to have money to exchange for them. When the liver was fried we all liked it. Many afternoons thereafter on my home from school I would stop at the butcher's for a piece of liver, and ~~for~~^{for a} ^{belt} that I was contributing to the support of the family. It was a clear case of getting something for nothing.

Finding's Keepings.

> Once I found a dime under the wooden sidewalk. I immediately bought ten sticks of peppermint candy with it and ate five of them before I yielded to the entreaty of my sister and other playmates to share it with them.

Pilfering.

> Some girls in the neighborhood opened a doll's millinery shop. It consisted of a plank on top of two boxes as a counter on which was displayed an array of small hats made of straw and trimmed with pieces of bright cloth, buttons and feathers, quite like the prevailing fashion, and just the right size for dolls. The prices ranged from five to ten cents each. I had no money,

Father returned he saw at a glance what had happened. There was a lot of good natured and friendly joking about my exploit and I felt quite elated and proud of myself as father assisted me home. I arrived in a hilarious condition and chattering like a magpie. Mother put me in bed at once. She was distressed and angry and told father what she thought of him and his shopmates. However,

there were no ill consequences.
One Week.
 Returning with father from the shop one afternoon, he stopped at a butcher shop for some meat. He bought a steak and paid for it and then, seeing a nice liver on the counter asked for a piece. After it was cut and wrapped he asked the price and the butcher answered "No charge." This made an impression on my mind because I had learned the value of money, or rather that to obtain things from shops and stores one had to have money to exchange for them. When the liver was fried we all liked it. Many afternoons thereafter on my home from school I would stop at the butcher's for a piece of liver, and ^{felt} that I was contributing to the support of the family. It was a clear case of getting

something for nothing.
One Week's Hoarding.
 Once I found a dime under the wooden sidewalk. I immediately bought ten sticks of peppermint candy with it and ate five of them before I yielded to the entreaty of my sister and other playmates to share it with them.
Peppermint.

Some girls in the neighborhood opened a doll's millinery shop. It consisted of a plank on top of two boxes as a counter on which was displayed an array of small hats made of straw and trimmed with pieces of bright cloth, buttons and feathers, quite like the prevailing fashion, and just the right size for dolls. The prices ranged from five to ten cents each. I had no money,

but I knew that in the pantry mother often kept some small change in a teacup. The desire to buy one of those beautiful hats for my sister's doll became so strong that, although I knew perfectly well that mother's money should not be disturbed, I stole into the pantry and took ten cents. With this I bought the finest of the hats and presented it to my sister. When mother saw the hat she naturally began to ask questions about it and the horrid details had to be told. My punishment was to return the hat to the young milliner lady, explain the manner in which I had come by the purchase price, and demand the return of the money. This was a terrible blow to my pride and I suffered greatly, but it was a lesson I never forgot.

Country Excursion.

7 In the spring or early summer of this year "Arty" Rainey invited me to go along with him to the country with his father who had bought a cow. This was my first visit to the country and a real adventure. The three of us rode in an old buggy drawn by a bony horse. We passed through some woods and across a brook to an old farmhouse and barn. There we got the cow, tied a rope about her neck and the other end to the rear axle of the buggy. Mr. Rainey drove and we boys followed behind with switches to stimulate the cow when she went too slow or tried to stop. We greatly enjoyed the trip. The strange sights and sounds and smells were new and interesting to us. I asked many questions, some of which Mr. Rainey could not answer, but I learned the names of a number of trees and bushes as well as of some of the birds we saw. I remember that I was much interested in some hazel nut bushes, partly because of the beautifully fringed bracts and partly because I was fond of hazel nuts.

Centennial Exposition.

7 This was the year of the Centennial Exposition at Phila-

but I knew that in the pantry mother often kept some small change in a teacup. The desire to buy one of those beautiful hats for my sister's doll became so strong that, although I knew perfectly well that mother's money should not be disturbed, I stole into the pantry and took ten cents. With this I bought the finest of the hats and presented it to my sister. When mother saw the hat she naturally began to ask questions about it and the horrid details had to be told. My punishment was to return the hat to the young milliner lady, explain the manner in which I had come by the purchase price, and demand the return of the money. This was a terrible blow to my pride and I suffered greatly, but it was a lesson I never forgot.

Country Excursion.
In the spring or early summer of this year "Aunt" Rainey invited me to go along with him to the country with his father who had bought a cow. This was my first visit to the country and a real adventure. The three of us rode in an old buggy drawn by a bony horse. We passed through some woods and across a brook to an old farm house and barn. There we got the cow, tied a rope about her neck and the other end to the rear axle of the buggy. Mr. Rainey drove and we boys followed behind with switches to stimulate the cow when she went too slow or tried to stop. We greatly enjoyed the trip. The strange sights and sounds and smells were new and interesting to us. I asked many questions, some of which Mr. Rainey could not answer, but I learned the names of a number of trees and bushes as well as of some of the birds we saw. I remember that I was much interested in some hazel nut bushes, partly because of the beautifully fringed bracts and partly because I was fond of hazel nuts. Centennial Exposition.
This was the year of the Centennial Exposition at Phila-

delphia celebrating the 100th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Its character and significance were explained to me and I greatly wished to see it.

7

Summer Camp.

During the summer months father and some of his shopmates took their families to a camp on Rock River a few miles above Rockford. Most of the party went in a steam launch. A few went in a sailboat and rowboats that were towed most of the way by the launch. Mr. Norton, foreman of the shop in which father worked, and Mr. Jerome Huddler, a fellow workman, father and I were in the sail boat. It was summer and the trees were in full leaf. The river was clear and rippled over a rocky bottom. We camped in a beautiful grove near the bank of the river. Tents for sleeping were pitched and our little family had a whole tent. A shelter was provided for the sheet-iron stove used in cooking. Another shelter with rough pine tables and benches served as a common dining room. There were two or three children in the party besides my sister and I, so there was no lack of playmates.

Here I learned how to make and use bows and arrows. My greatest interest, however, was in playing about the boats, learning how to use an oar, to steer, and to help in ~~maning~~^{managing} the sail boat. We had lots of fun also looking for bird's nests, catching butterflies, trying to catch the ugly but interesting looking crayfish near the river bank, fishing and cleaning fish, wading and swimming, climbing trees, learning how to whittle with a pocket knife, making whistles from willow or hickory branches, catching tadpoles and minnows in a little stream that flowed through a meadow, watching the water bubble up through the sand in a small spring near the river bank, catching insects, playing with a stray dog that found its way into camp, and in the evening watch-

Delphi's celebrating the 100th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Its character and significance were explained to me and I greatly wished to see it.

During the summer months Summer Camp father and some of his associates

took their families to a camp on Rock River a few miles above Rockford. Most of the party went in a steam launch. A few went

in a sailboat and rowboats that were towed most of the way by

the launch. Mr. Norton, foreman of the shop in which father

worked, and Mr. Jerome Huddler, a fellow workman, father and I

were in the sail boat. It was summer and the trees were in full

leaf. The river was clear and rippled over a rocky bottom. We

camped in a beautiful grove near the bank of the river. Tents for

sleeping were pitched and our little family had a whole tent. A

shelter was provided for the sheet-iron stove used in cooking.

Another shelter with rough pine tables and benches served as a

common dining room. There were two or three children in the par-

ty besides my sister and I, so there was no lack of playmates.

Here I learned how to make and use bows and arrows. My greatest

interest, however, was in playing about the boats, learning how

to use an oar, to steer, and to help in ^{managing} the sail boat.

We had lots of fun also looking for bird's nests, catching butter-

flies, trying to catch the ugly but interesting looking crabs

fish near the river bank, fishing and cleaning fish, wading and

swimming, climbing trees, learning how to whistle with a pocket

knife, making whistles from willow or hickory branches, catching

redpolls and minnows in a little stream that flowed through a

meadow, watching the water bubble up through the sand in a small

spring near the river bank, catching insects, playing with a

stray dog that found its way into camp, and in the evening watch-

ing the moon and stars and clouds in the sky and listening to the solemn "Hoo hoo" of a large owl and the plaintive wail of a small screech owl in the tree tops. *P*The men of the party caught great quantities of fish and shot many birds, squirrels, and rabbits, which were dressed, cooked, and served at our community meals. *P*From a nearby farm supplies of milk, butter, eggs, vegetables, and bread were obtained. *P*One evening Mr. Huddler took us children to a small lagoon near the camp to watch the muskrats. come out of their holes under a clay bank and swim across the pool of still water. He solemnly told my sister that if she would put salt on the tail of a muskrat she could catch him and keep him for a pet. I was sceptical, but syster believed it and at once ran back to the camp and asked for a handful of salt, which amused the party. It was lots of fun also to go to sleep on a folded quilt on the ground under the tent and lister to the whispering of the wind in the tree tops.

Barnum's Circus.

7 Another great event was a vist to the world renowned circus of P.T. Barnum. First there was the gorgeous parade of gaily bedecked horses and their riders, some Indians, elephants, wagons with cages of fierce looking lions, tigers and h^yenas, camels and dromedaries, queens in chariots, beautiful band wagons decorated with gold and silver and mirrors, mus^{ciano}~~icians~~ in glittering uniforms with wonderful instruments, and a marvelous steam caliope. I was breathless with excitement and wonder. *P*The circus was held at the fairgrounds. Here was a gigantic tent that to my young eyes seemed to cover about ten acres, surrounded by many smaller tents, some of which father and I entered. In one of them we saw General and Mrs. Tom Thumb, a fat lady, a bearded woman, a living skeleton, a wild man from Borneo, and other monstrosities. Adjoin-

ing the moon and stars and clouds in the sky and listening to the solemn "Hoo hoo" of a large owl and the plaintive wail of a small screech owl in the tree tops. The men of the party caught great quantities of fish and shot many birds, squirrels, and rabbits, which were dressed, cooked, and served at our community meals. From a nearby farm supplies of milk, butter, eggs, vegetables, and bread were obtained. One evening Mr. Huddler took us children to a small lagoon near the camp to watch the muskrats come out of their holes under a clay bank and swim across the pool of still water. He solemnly told my sister that if she would put salt on the tail of a muskrat she could catch him and keep him for a pet. I was sceptical, but sister believed it and at once ran back to the camp and asked for a handful of salt, which amused the party. It was lots of fun also to go to sleep on a folded quilt on the ground under the tent and listen to the whispering of the wind in the tree tops.

Barman's Circus.

Another great event was a visit to the world renowned circus of P.T. Barman. First there was the gorgeous parade of gaily bedecked horses and their riders, some Indians, elephants, wagons with cages of fierce looking lions, tigers and leopards, camels and dromedaries, queens in chariots, beautiful band wagons decorated with gold and silver and mirrors, ~~musicians~~ ^{musicians} in glittering uniforms with wonderful instruments, and a marvelous steam calico. I was breathless with excitement and wonder. The circus was held at the fairgrounds. Here was a gigantic tent that to my young eyes seemed to cover about ten acres, surrounded by many smaller tents, some of which father and I entered. In one of them we saw General and Mrs. Tom Thumb, a fat lady, a bearded woman, a living skeleton, a wild man from Borneo, and other monstrosities. Adjoin-

ing the main tent was the menagery with the elephants, camels, lions, tigers, leopards, monkeys and baboons, and many other strange creatures. In the main tent we saw a wonderful performance, the ring master wearing white pants, morroco boots with red tops, red jacket, and silk hat, who made the horses go round with a long whip that cracked like a pistol. The band of clowns were excruciatingly funny. The elephants all came in and knelt down. This was followed by a camel race. Trained horses, beautiful creatures, went through a drill, stood up on their hind legs and waltzed to the crack of the master's whip. Then there were such heavenly beautiful women in pink tights that stood on one foot on the backs of fat horses that galloped about the ring and the ladies jumped gracefully through paper covered hoops. Then came the hair-raising exploits of tightrope walkers and trapeze performers. *HP* What a wonderful new world it was for boys seeing it the first time. And then the crowds and the excitement on the grounds, the quantities of peanuts, popcorn, gingercake, candy, pink lemonade, red, ~~apple~~ blue, and yellow balloons, one of which became my priceless possession only to escape from me and disappear over the great tent. *HP* Out on the grounds was a greased pole with a ring at the top from which were suspended various articles, a watch, a mouth organ, a trumpet, a purse, and the like, prizes for those who could climb the pole and reach them. Many tried but none succeeded. Several almost reached the top only to slip quickly back to the ground amid the laughter of the crowd. It looked so easy that I begged father to let me try, but he said the grease on the pole would spoil my best suit.

HP I remember that I was exceedingly tired when we reached home

ing, the main tent was the menagerie with the elephants, camels, lions, tigers, leopards, monkeys and baboons, and many other strange creatures. In the main tent we saw a wonderful performance, the ring master wearing white pants, morocco boots with red tops, red jacket, and silk hat, who made the horses go round with a long whip that cracked like a pistol. The band of clowns were exorcistically funny. The elephants all came in and knelt down. This was followed by a camel race. Trained horses, bear-tail creatures, went through a drill, stood up on their hind legs and waited to the crack of the master's whip. Then there were such heavenly beautiful women in pink tights that stood on one foot on the backs of fat horses that galloped about the ring and the ladies jumped gracefully through paper covered hoops. Then came the hair-raising exploits of tightrope walkers and trapeze performers. What a wonderful new world it was for boys seeing it the first time. And then the crowds and the excitement on the grounds, the quantities of peanuts, popcorn, ginger cake, candy, pink lemonade, red, ~~orange~~ blue, and yellow balloons, one of which became my priceless possession only to escape from me and disappear over the great tent. Out on the grounds was a greased pole with a ring at the top from which were suspended various articles, a watch, a mouth organ, a trumpet, a purse, and the like, prizes for those who could climb the pole and reach them. Many tried but none succeeded. Several almost reached the top only to slip quickly back to the ground amid the laughter of the crowd. It looked so easy that I begged father to let me try, but he said the grease on the pole would spoil my best suit. I remember that I was exceedingly tired when we reached home

that evening, especially after I had tried to describe all that I saw to mother and sister.

Holidays.

➤ Other important events of the year were Fourth of July, when I shot off a lot of firecrackers, big and little, and had a pistol and some paper caps: Thanksgiving, when we had a roast turkey, stuffing, gravy, mashed potatoes, and lots of cake and pie: and Christmas, which was wonderful in spite of my disillusionment over Santa Claus because among my presents was a marvelous sled, painted a bright red and with the head of a reindeer and the legend "Reindeer" on it.

Neighbors.

➤ One of father's shopmates, Mr. Shedd, lived near us and occasionally there were visits between the two families. The Shedd's had no children. Mrs. Shedd was a cripple and delicate looking, with a white face and beautiful wavy brown hair. I overheard mother telling a neighbor that when Mr. Shedd asked her to marry him she told him that the doctor had said that because she was a cripple she could never have a child, and yet they married and lived a beautiful life together. She had a wonderful canary bird that she loved as a child. It died or was killed and she grieved about it for months. I remember that I had mingled feelings of sympathy for her and wonder that she should grieve so deeply and so long for so little a thing as a canary bird.

During the autumn of this year the Garner family came within our ken.

that evening, especially after I had tried to describe all that I saw to mother and sister.

Other important events of the year were Fourth of July, when I shot off a lot of firecrackers, big and little, and had a pistol and some paper caps: Thanksgiving, when we had a roast turkey, stuffing, gravy, mashed potatoes, and lots of cake and pie: and Christmas, which was wonderful in spite of my disillusionment over Santa Claus because among my presents was a marvelous sled, painted a bright red and with the head of a reindeer and the legend "Reindeer" on it.

One of father's shopmates, Mr. Shedd, lived near us and occasionally there were visits between the two families. The Shedd had no children. Mrs. Shedd was a cripple and delicate looking, with a white face and beautiful wavy brown hair. I overheard mother telling a neighbor that when Mr. Shedd asked her to marry him she told him that the doctor had said that because she was a cripple she could never have a child, and yet they married and lived a beautiful life together. She had a wonderful canary bird that she loved as a child. It died or was killed and she grieved about it for months. I remember that I had mingled feelings of sympathy for her and wonder that she should grieve so deeply and so long for so little a thing as a canary bird.

During the autumn of this year the Garner family came within our ken.

Asa Garner was about the same age as my father, a house painter, and a "character." He was of medium height, slight build, quick and nervous in his movements, with a hatchet face, prominent nose, keen eyes a little too close together, a narrow forehead and wore his hair somewhat longer than was customary. He was uneducated, used many swear words, was vulgar in conversation and manner, but was good natured, quick witted and very humorous. Father found him very entertaining, but mother detested him because of his vulgarity and familiar manners. His wife, Sarah, was a soft spoken, gentle, quiet, fairly attractive woman of the voluptuous type, a good wife and mother, a good cook and housekeeper, contented with her lot, whom father always admired. Mother tolerated her and I suspect was jealous of her because she became snappish and critical whenever father so far forgot himself as to praise Mrs. Garner's cooking, or housekeeping, or anything else in which she was concerned. They had a boy, Eddie, of my own age, a thin, pale little fellow who resembled his father; and a daughter, Ida, two years younger, the same age as my sister Nellie. They were frequent visitors in the autumn and winter following.

Family Discussions.

7 About this time I had begun to take note and to understand something of the conversation I overheard between father and mother. Father was fairly well satisfied with matters. He had good health, was making good wages, and, as he thought, was living well. He had his shopmates and friends for associates. Mother, however, was dissatisfied. They had been married eight years and while father was making good wages they had saved nothing for a rainy day. They were living in rented rooms in an

Asa Garner was about the same age as my father, a house painter, and a "character." He was of medium height, slight build, quick and nervous in his movements, with a hatched face, prominent nose, keen eyes a little too close together, a narrow forehead and wore his hair somewhat longer than was customary. He was uneducated, used many swear words, was vulgar in conversation and manner, but was good natured, quick witted and very humorous. Father found him very entertaining, but mother detested him because of his vulgarity and familiar manners. His wife, Sarah, was a soft spoken, gentle, quiet, fairly attractive woman of the voluptuous type, a good wife and mother, a good cook and house-keeper, contented with her lot, whom father always admired. Mother tolerated her and I suspect was jealous of her because she became envious and critical whenever father so far forgot himself as to praise Mrs. Garner's cooking, or housekeeping, or anything else in which she was concerned. They had a boy, Eddie, of my own age, a thin, pale little fellow who resembled his father; and a daughter, Ida, two years younger, the same age as my sister Nellie. They were frequent visitors in the autumn and winter following.

Family Discussion.

About this time I had begun to take note and to understand something of the conversation I overheard between father and mother. Father was fairly well satisfied with matters. He had good health, was making good wages, and, as he thought, was living well. He had his shopmates and friends for associates. Mother, however, was dissatisfied. They had been married eight years and while father was making good wages they had saved nothing for a rainy day. They were living in rented rooms in an

old house with another family that was not very agreeable. She wanted to live in a house of her own and have better furniture and better clothes. Sometimes father would agree with her; at other times, his conscience pricking him, he would become angry and say that he did not propose to make a slave of himself to save up money for some one else to spend after he died. From the Garners we learned that Asa's father, mother, and two grown-up sisters, were living on a small farm near Paris, Texas, and Asa was very enthusiastic about the cheap land, fine climate, and opportunities for getting ahead in Texas, and said that he intended to join his father as ^{soon} ~~soon~~ as he could save up enough money to move his family. Texas thus became a subject of conversation between the two families. Mother, especially, took an interest in the subject because her imagination was fired and she thought if she could persuade father to go it would end the narrow shop life he was leading and they might ~~to~~ hope to better their fortunes in a new country.

Passage of Father Goes to Texas.

7 Early in the spring of 1877 father went to Paris, Texas, leaving mother and us children behind. From time to time mother received letters from him and occasionally I received one. The neighbors and shopmates that called on mother always asked for news of father. Mother's brother, Uncle George, called frequently to discuss father's reports with her. For the first month or so they were quite animated and cheerful in their discussions. As time wore on both became ^a ~~an~~ very serious, and they usually spoke in low tones as if they did not want me to hear. I gathered ^a ~~th~~ that the early reports from father were hopeful and favorable and that the later reports showed disillusionment and discouragement.

old house with another family that was not very agreeable. She wanted to live in a house of her own and have better furniture and better clothes. Sometimes father would agree with her; at other times, his conscience pricking him, he would become angry and say that he did not propose to make a slave of himself to save up money for some one else to spend after he died. From the Germans we learned that Asa's father, mother, and two grown-up sisters, were living on a small farm near Paris, Texas, and Asa was very enthusiastic about the cheap land, fine climate, and opportunities for getting ahead in Texas, and said that he intended to join his father as soon as he could save up enough money to move his family. Texas thus became a subject of conversation between the two families. Mother, especially, took an interest in the subject because her imagination was fired and she thought if she could persuade father to go it would end the narrow shop life he was leading and they might hope to better their fortunes in a new country.

Samuel's father goes to Texas.

Early in the spring of 1877 father went to Paris, Texas, leaving mother and us children behind. From time to time mother received letters from him and occasionally I received one. The neighbors and shopmates that called on mother always asked for news of father. Mother's brother, Uncle George, called frequently to discuss father's reports with her. For the first month or so they were quite animated and cheerful in their discussions. As time wore on both became very serious, and they usually spoke in low tones as if they did not want me to hear. I gathered that the early reports from father were hopeful and favorable and that the later reports showed disillusionment and discouragement.

P I learned later that he was greatly disappointed in the people, in the appearance of the country, and at the apparent lack of opportunities. He had failed to find employment in Paris, the county seat, which was then a small and very dirty country town, quite different from Rockford, and much duller ^{for} ~~to~~ a young man, and that he had hired out as a farm hand with Asa Garner's father. P Father knew nothing about farm work, the work was hard, the hours long, the wages about one-fifth what he had been getting, and the life was relatively lonely and he was separated from his family and friends. So he began to write that he was coming back as soon as he could save enough money to ^{pay} ~~pay~~ his railway fare. P Mother seemed to think that his discouragement was due to the fact that she was not with him, and the more she thought of his coming back and falling into the old groove with no prospect of getting on in the world and achieving independence the more determined she became that it should not happen. I have always thought, however, that what finally decided her was a letter from father in which he said something in praise of the two Garner daughters with whom he seemed to be on excellent terms. At any rate, mother announced her intention of joining father in Texas before he could rejoin her in Rockford. A few days later she sold all the furniture except her most valued possession, a Singer sewing machine, and realized enough from the sale--probably because friends and neighbors paid liberally for the things in order to help her out--with which to purchase railway tickets for herself and children to Paris, Texas.

During this period father's letters contained items of information that greatly excited my imagination. He ^{mentioned} ~~spoke of~~ Indians and buffalo, or horned toads and snakes, of cotton and

I learned later that he was greatly disappointed in the people, in the appearance of the country, and at the apparent lack of opportunities. He had failed to find employment in Paris, the county seat, which was then a small and very dirty country town, quite different from Rockford, and much duller ^{for} to a young man, and that he had hired out as a farm hand with Asa Garner's father. Father knew nothing about farm work, the work was hard, the hours long, the wages about one-fifth what he had been getting, and the life was relatively lonely and he was separated from his family and friends. So he began to write that he was coming back as soon as he could save enough money to ^{pay} his railway fare. Mother seemed to think that his discouragement was due to the fact that she was not with him, and the more she thought of his coming back and falling into the old groove with no prospect of getting on in the world and achieving independence the more determined she became that it should not happen. I have always thought, however, that what finally decided her was a letter from father in which he said something in praise of the two Garner daughters with whom he seemed to be on excellent terms. At any rate, mother announced her intention of joining father in Texas before he could rejoin her in Rockford. A few days later she sold all the furniture except her most valued possession, a Singer sewing machine, and realized enough from the sale--probably because friends and neighbors paid liberally for the things in order to help her out--with which to purchase railway tickets for herself and children to Paris, Texas.

During this period father's letters contained items of ^{mentioned} information that greatly excited my imagination. He ^{spoke of} Indians and buffalo, or horned toads and snakes, of cotton and

sugarcane, of peaches and watermelons, and of negroes and desperadoes, prairies and mustangs, and, of course, I wanted to see them. I pictured the horned toads as like our garden toads but with little cow's horns on their heads, and the Indians as riding mustangs and wearing headdresses of eagle's feathers and carrying tomahawks with which to scalp white people, and the very thought of them gave me a thrill. It was a time of economizing in many ways with our little family. Mother cut down our rations somewhat and about this time she decided that oatmeal was the right thing for breakfast for growing children, instead of ^{the} ham and eggs to which we were accustomed. It happened that I detested oatmeal and I made a great fuss about it. She was insistent, however, and this became a grievance with me. I aired my grievance in a letter I wrote to father in which I said that as soon as he left we had nothing to eat but oatmeal. It seems that he was proud of my ability to write letters and showed this one to the Garner girls and they laughed at my statement about the oatmeal diet. Father mentioned this in a letter to mother and she was greatly chagrined at it, chided me, and wrote a peremptory denial to father.

Games and Sex.

7 It was during this period also that I met with Eddie Garner and a few other boys of the neighborhood of about our age. We played circus, soldiers, robbers, Indians, and such like games, and occasionally the boys had a sex talk-fest which to me was not clearly understood because up to that time I had not observed any physical difference between boys and girls ^{or} and men and women except that men and boys wore pants and were rightly proud thereof,

sugarcane, of peaches and watermelons, and of negroes and deer-
 pradoes, prairies and mustangs, and, of course, I wanted to see
 them. I pictured the horned toads as like our garden toads but
 with little cow's horns on their heads, and the Indians as riding
 mustangs and wearing headresses of eagle's feathers and carrying
 tomahawks with which to scalp white people, and the very thought
 of them gave me a thrill. It was a time of economizing in many
 ways with our little family. Mother cut down our rations some-
 what and about this time she decided that oatmeal was the right
 thing for breakfast for growing children, instead of ham and
 eggs to which we were accustomed. It happened that I detested
 oatmeal and I made a great fuss about it. She was insistent,
 however, and this became a grievance with me. I aired my griev-
 ance in a letter I wrote to father in which I said that as soon
 as he left we had nothing to eat but oatmeal. It seems that he
 was proud of my ability to write letters and showed this one to
 the Garner girls and they laughed at my statement about the oat-
 meal diet. Father mentioned this in a letter to mother and she
 was greatly chagrined at it, chided me, and wrote a peremptory
 denial to father.

James and Jim.

It was during this period also that I met with Eddie Gar-
 ner and a few other boys of the neighborhood of about our age.
 We played circus, soldiers, robbers, Indians, and such like games,
 and occasionally the boys had a sex talk-fest which to me was not
 clearly understood because up to that time I had not observed
 any physical difference between boys and girls and men and women
 except that men and boys wore pants and were rightly proud thereof.

whereas women and girls wore dresses and were obviously inferior. ~~to men~~. However, from this time forward I observed women and girls with a more watchful ~~eye~~ and understanding eye.

A few days after mother sold our household goods Uncle George took us in a carriage to the railway station and saw us settled in a seat of the day coach. I doubt if there were sleeping cars in those days. We had with us a suitcase and some packages. Some drygoods boxes and a Singer sewing machine in a crate were sent by freight. Just before the train started Uncle George gave to sister an ^{me} ~~A~~ each a silver fifty cent piece and told me I should be a brave little man and take good care of mother and sister, which I promised, but with very little sense of responsibility because I knew that mother would take care of herself and look after us children. ^P The whole proceeding was a great lark for me--the selling of the furniture, the packing up of other things, the excitement and interest the neighbors showed in us and our doings, the talk about the coming railway journey and what we might expect to see en route and in Texas. Some of mother's sisters and nieces and many of the neighbors were at the station to see us off and from the excited conversation I overheard it appeared they thought we were going to the ends of the earth and were to live among Indians and desperadoes. I thought it very womanish for some of them to cry over it when to me it was the beginning of a great adventure. I was glad when the whistle ^{blew} ~~blue~~ and the bell rang and these people had to leave and the train actually got under way--and I confess I have always felt the same about leave-taking at train or ship.

It was a great adventure for an eight year old boy. Slowly the train got under way and there was a thrill of excitement at

whereas women and girls wore dresses and were obviously inferior. However, from this time forward I observed women and girls with a more watchful eye and understanding eye.

A few days after mother sold our household goods Uncle George took us in a carriage to the railway station and saw us settled in a seat of the day coach. I doubt if there were sleeping cars in those days. We had with us a suitcase and some packages. Some drygoods boxes and a Singer sewing machine in a crate were sent by freight. Just before the train started Uncle George gave to sister and ^{me} each a silver fifty cent piece and

told me I should be a brave little man and take good care of mother and sister, which I promised, but with very little sense of responsibility because I knew that mother would take care of herself and look after us children. The whole proceeding was a great lark for me--the selling of the furniture, the packing up of other things, the excitement and interest the neighbors showed in us and our doing, the talk about the coming railway journey and what we might expect to see en route and in Texas. Some of mother's sisters and nieces and many of the neighbors were at

the station to see us off and from the excited conversation I overheard it appeared they thought we were going to the ends of the earth and were to live among Indians and desperadoes. I thought it very womanish for some of them to cry over it when to me it

was the beginning of a great adventure. I was glad when the whistle and the bell rang and these people had to leave and the train actually got under way--and I confess I have always felt the same about leave-taking at train or ship.

It was a great adventure for an eight year old boy. Slowly the train got under way and there was a thrill of excitement at